NUMB. 1284

The Daily Gazetteer.

THURSDAY, MAY 24. 1739.

№ 1222.

Conclusion of REMARKS on GUSTAVUS VASA: In a Third LETTER to the AUTHOR.

SIR,

HAVING attended you the whole *First* Act in the Inside of the *Copper-mines*, where the *Horror of the Scene* would certainly have affected some of your Audience, the *Second* opens with the entertaining View of a *bloody Tyrant* and the wicked *Minister of his Cruelties*, amidst *Rapine* and *Violence*, describing the *Charms of Peace*. — And where *Trollio* tells his Master that he *hourly waited some Tydings* of an Insurrection in *Dalecarlia*, I am at a Loss to conceive, why the King should immediately reply,

Sure
The Wretches will not dare such quick Perdition.

For, beside my Misfortune of not knowing what to *dare Perdition* is, I am inclinable to think if by *that* you mean their *doing Mischief*, *Wretches* must either do it *quickly*, or they will never be able to do it at all, *their* main Strength lying more in the *Suddenness* of their *Attempts*, than *Equality of Power* in *mutually determin'd* Engagements.

By making, *p.* 16. * *Trollio* describe the Day on which *Gustavus* raised his Standard,

Their Holiday of War; a Day apart
Torn out from Peace, and sacred to Rebellion,

You greatly diminish the Praise your Hero would have drawn from the Honour of *contriving* that Opportunity into an Occasion of banishing an Invader from his Country, by the Strength of his own *fertile Imagination*; much *less* Glory being due to his *treading in a Path beaten for many Ages*, and taking the *same* Steps to *subdue an Usurper*, that had been pursued to *empty Plagues on the Heads of many a Monarch*.

Your Scene of *Subjects* deny'd *Redress of their Grievances*, being introduced by nothing but your Resolution of having *such a Scene*, is as absurd as the *Gentleman Usher's* telling the King his Servants are

All Officers of Rapine, Rape and Murder.

And the Scene closes with prodigious Elegance, by *Christiern's* turning his Petitioners out with four Words, which, for their *Significance*, are put in the Place of a *whole Line*;

Out of my Sight.

You have been either much too *servile*, or too *careless* in the Lines and Phrases you have borrowed, in which a little Turn of Thought, or, sometimes, the *Variation* of the *Occasion*, gives an *agreeable Change*; and when, from a want of Words of your own, you borrow any, the most *favourite Lines* of another are *least fit* for that *Purpose*, being generally remember'd by all who have read or heard them, as *Shakespear's unweeded Garden*, &c.

I am afraid your Detestation of *Christiern* has induced you to fancy him, instead of being a *Prince by Birth*, the Son of one of his Father's *Goatherds*, when he says, in Reply to Intelligence brought him of an Insurrection in *Norway*,

I will not hear it.

I have so great a Veneration for the *sacred Writings*, that your *Message-Scenes* tumbling, with such Precipitance, on the Back of one another, strike me with the most awful Sense of *Job's Distresses*, whose Tydings are imitated, in the 4th and 5th Scenes of this Act, with no one Circumstance of Variation.

How *Trollio* goes off the Stage, at the End of Scene I. I know not; for I declare, as no *Cause* appears for his Departure, he was not out of my Sight till the King calls for him again in Scene IV. — A principal Person of your Drama should never be introduced but for some *Purpose*, nor allowed to depart but for some more *apparent Reason* than that of *making Room for another*.

Though at first Sight, and from several Speeches, and Messengers from *Sweden*, I concluded *Christiern's* Camp in *Denmark*; yet now Dispatches arriving from *Norway*, and from *Denmark* itself, remove the Scene out of all those Kingdoms till it is carried to *Copenhagen*, to find *Christina*, and to *Sweden* to *meet* the Arms of *Gustavus*.

When speaking of your Hero, the King thunders out.

Spite of himself he still invades the Hunter.

What *Hunter* meant in this Place, I was going to ask, when the *mighty Nimrod* rushed into my Head, and struck my Enquiry dumb

It was remark'd of a Writer who never made a considerable Figure as a *Dramatick Poet*, though on some *other Occasions* he writ with general Applause, That whenever he had *no Meaning* to make his Characters utter, he supply'd the Deficiency by *Rhyming*: I will not insist that this was your Case, *p.* 23. where *Arvida* is brought in with the Instruments of *Death* and *Torture*, thus bursting Silence —

Off, off, vain Cumbrance, ye conflicting Thoughts!
Leave me to Heav'n---O Peace--- it will not be---
Just when I rose above Mortality,
To pour her wond'rous Weight *of* Charms *upon me!*

Though I must own I never before knew a Lady's Charms, in order to paint them *irresistible*, reduced to the Standard of *Lead*, and valued only for their *Weight!*

Your *Versification* thoughout is so entirely of your own Invention, independently of *Rule* or *Example*, that I shall not ask the Occasion of the *broken Lines* through the whole, and especially those in *p.* 25. — being unwilling to demand a Reason where all Men know none can be given.

Is not *Arvida's* Love too *romantick* to *move* an Audience! and his Friendship for *Gustavus*, p. 26, 27. *too easily turned to Hate.* — But you have given great Cause to suspect his *Intellects* by his plaguing *Trollio* about the Difference between *Wife* and *Bride*, and *Bride* and *Wife*. — Fancy yourself in a *Pit* crowded with *Judges* hearing, attentively, the following Lines: —

Troll. *I said* Gustavus *claim'd her for his Bride.*
Arv. *His Bride! his Wife!* [Aside
You do not mean his Wife! --- Do Friends feel this?
Down, Heart, tell not thy Anguish--pray excuse me,
Did you not say the Princess was his Wife!
Whose Wife, my Lord?
Troll. *I did not say what was, but what must be.*
Arv. *Touching* Gustavus, *was it not?*
Troll. *The same.*
Arv. *His Bride?*
Troll. *I say his Bride, his Wife, his lov'd* Christina,
Christina, *fancy'd in the very Prime*
And youthful Smile of Nature; ---- form'd for Joys
Unknown to Mortals. —

And the Sentence you would meet is not difficult to conjecture. — *By Joys unknown to Mortals*, and numerous other Expressions of the same Kind, you seem to have forgotten your Task of *writing a Tragedy*, and, in order to exalt your *Heroine*, know no *other* Method than that of *fancying* her the *Dulcinea* of a *Romance*; — in the same Style you tell us, a few Lines afterward, that *Peace* is *No Bed for Mortals*, by which *Discord* is made an essential Part of *human Happiness*. — *Arvida's* fainting away, since you represent him as a *stout Warrior*, I am willing to excuse, as a Design to *keep the Ladies in Countenance*: Though in the like Case I know not what is left for *Christina* but the Priviledge of *storming*, and *thundering* down the Ceiling with her Resentment; since, surely, in *different* Sexes, the Passions should a little *vary*.

After *Trollio* has utter'd all the secret Purposes of his Heart before his Attendants and those of *Arvida*, in Conformity to the good old Maxim, That a *full Stage* is somewhat to *look at*, you introduce *Christina*, *Mariana*, and *Attendants*, to hear and be Witnesses to the most important and secret Sentiments of their Mistress, and, before them all, the Dialogue begins upon the Basis of *Friendship* to *Mariana* only, who you have complimented with a Masculine Taste, indeed, when, *p.* 29. she says to *Christina*,

You wrong your Charms, whose Power might reconcile
Things opposite *in Nature*——

And no less extraordinary is your Heroine's *falling in Love*, like the renowned *Don Quixote*, *before* she saw the Object of her Affections. — The Account she gives is so uncommon in Affairs of this Nature, that I cannot pass it:

——Gustavus' *Name*
Superior rose, still dreadful *in the Tale;*
Then first he seiz'd my Infancy of Soul,
As somewhat fabled of Gigantick Fierceness,
Too huge for any Form; he scar'd my Sleep.

In which Speech she very seriously assures us, that the *Fame of his Virtues* no way helped her to *forget* him; and, such a Medley was he, that when she came to the Sight of him,

Soften'd in his Cheek
Liv'd more than Woman's Sweetness.

You have made a most unhappy *Slip*, to use no harder Word, in the next Speech of *Christina*, *p.* 30. where, after saying,

——*As I trembl'd,* look'd, *and sigh'd,*
His Eyes met *mine.*

She adds of herself, that she

Did not dare to look;

tho' she assures us, in the very next Line, she saw him when

——*He turn'd away,*
And would no more behold me!

This *Act* ends with a very hasty Errand upon which *Laertes* is sent to *Gustavus*, the Import of which is beyond my Reach;

Acquaint Gustavus ——*if, if he must fall,*
Let Hosts that hem this single Lion in,
Let Nations hunt him down, let him fall nobly.

Whereby we are given to understand, that *Laertes* (the above three Lines being the whole Message) was to run through an Enemy's Army, to tell *Gustavus* not to be kill'd till Nations beat his Brains out!

I have examin'd this Act more closely than I shall the following three; for as a Repetition of *Absurdities* and *Inconsistencies* of the same Sort, would require Remarks more *critical* than *entertaining*, this one Act will serve for a Specimen of the rest, which are written in the *same Manner*, and, like too many of our *Dramatick Writers*, you are far from excelling in the two last Acts; an excellent Reason, as was well urged by a modern Poet, for wishing many of our Tragedies consisted only of *three*. — What I add will be more with a View to the *general Conduct* of the whole, than *particular Phrases*, &c. lest my Readers Attention, and my own Patience, should leave my Task unread, and unfinished.

The Account of *Laertes* being saved by *Gustavus* is forced, and told at a Time when the *Attention* of the Persons present must be too strongly bent toward the *Delivery of their Country*, to listen to a *private Tale*: And the Story of *Arvida's* Treachery employs too much Space for an Incident no Way conducive to your main Plot, though the Conclusion of that Scene is admirable in the Mouth of *Gustavus*,

Come, forget it.

At the Close of Act III. you find out *Gustavus* more like a *Morris-Dancer* than a *General*,

I feel, I feel them fit me out for Fights;
They lift my Limbs, as feather'd Hermes *light.*

By your Account of the Office of a *Statesman*, p 50. you render *all Government* useless, since you leave no room for a *Publick Minister*, though *clad in Virtue*; which, on Recollection, is agreeable enough to your *Kingdom of Monarchs*, since none can be left for *Ministers* where *all* are *Kings*.

From your continual Mention of the *Nerves*, you would almost persuade one to think that, during your writing this Play, you attended a Course of *Anatomical Lectures*, and, when you came home, instead of extolling the *Atchievements* of your Hero's *Arm*, could think of nothing but the *Sinews* that brav'd it.

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* *I refer throughout to your Subscription-Edition.*

Pag. 48. *Met.* *d to the* Sinew *of a ſingle Arm.*
—— *And* nerve *the Coward's Arm.*
49. *And* nervous *are our Hands.*
50. ——*Oft relax the* Nerve.
54. *New* nerve *the Arm.*

In the Mouth of *Chriſtiern*, whoſe *imperious* Temper makes him *contemn Mankind*, is the following *Encomium* of his *hatred Vice* natural?

'*Tis* Guſtavus,
No Mortal elſe, not Ammon's *boaſted Son,*
Not Cæſar, *would have dar'd it.*

Agueſta, Mother of *Guſtavus*, you ſuppoſe, as indeed ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed, a Chriſtian; tho' her Deſcription of Heaven agrees wonderfully with the *Mahometan* Paradiſe.

——*The Arms of all thy Royal Race*
In Heaven, who ſit on Thrones with Loves *and* Joys
And ſmiling Pleaſures *round.*

The Extravagance and Abſurdity of the protracted Scene between *Chriſtina*, *Guſtavus*, his *Mother*, &c. will not bear Remark, ſince the Deſign of it is manifeſtly only to do ſomething till the laſt Act begins.

You cannot mean what you make *Guſtavus* ſay, p. 68.

Nor ought can happen wrong *to him who acts* aright;

ſince you will, to be ſure, ſuppoſe your *Hero* to have acted right, and yet he was *diſtreſs'd.*

Your bringing *Chriſtina* and *Mariana* into the Field of Battle (Act V) is a rare Inſtance; and the King's *Flight*, and Miniſter's Chaſtiſement, are conducted with the ſame Propriety;——but having little more than a *Battle* left for the *laſt Act*, 'tis no wonder to find you teaze *Arvida* with *Deſpair* and *Death*, inconſiſtent with his Character, to employ the Eyes of your Audience, which you very judiciouſly ſeem to ſuppoſe *half cloſed*, by contriving a *Buſtle*, while your *Hero* and *Heroine*, and the *other Perſons* on the Stage, are puſh'd behind the Curtain for no other viſible Cauſe than to tell the Audience *where* your *Tragedy* ends.

Some Writers have ſucceeded well enough in repeating *Phraſes* and *Words*, but then it has been on very extraordinary Occaſions; and on you this poor twing-twang Humour has ſo immoderately prevailed, that a Sheet of Paper would not hold all the Inſtances of your uſing that low Shift to call *Attention*; a few of which follow:

Pag. 24. *Bleſs him, bleſs him.*
27. Return me, Trollio, *O* return me *back!*
30. Cruel, cruel, *Father.*
32. *O* Swedes, Swedes.
34. *O* Danes, Danes.
44. I could indeed, indeed I could---*for thee* I could *have died*, Guſtavus!
45. Wretch, Wretch; *curſed* Wretch!
47. *And* will ye, will ye.
47. Shall we, ſhall we.
49. Joy, Joy, *I ſee.*
-----I feel, I feel.

All which betray a miſerable Propenſity to *Childiſh Whining*, on Subjects the moſt unfit of any for ſuch trifling and *playing with Words*; for in *Tragedy* the *moving Softneſs* requiſite to *melt* an Audience, muſt ariſe more from the *Influence of the Diſtreſs itſelf*, than from the *Beating of Expreſſions*, which will ſooner move *Contempt* than *Concern.*

Thus, *Sir*, I have finiſh'd the Task I aſſign'd myſelf at preſent; I hope more to your *Approbation* than *Diſlike*; for, ſo favourable have I been on Account of your being a *Novice* in this Kind of Writing, that, if you are Maſter of any Judgment, above what appears in this Play, you will join with the Saying of ſome Authors of Reputation, *That for every one Fault I have remark'd, you could point me out ten.*---- A *perfect Tragedy* is a Task few are equal to, which, in the Eye of Men of generous Sentiments, intitles the Author of every *tolerable Attempt* to *ſome Indulgence*; but, what from the *ill Choice of your Hero*, your *Diſregard of the Rules obſerved by all good Writers*, and Incapacity of *ſupplying better* of *your own*; your *Want of Imagination* on one Hand, and of *Language* on the other, you have fallen ſo far beneath the *common Rank* of our *modern Tragick Eſſays*, that had you patiently ſubmitted to a Fate that better Authors have long ago borne, theſe Remarks would have been juſtly eſteem'd unneceſſary; but as, without one Qualification of a *Dramatick Poet*, (beſide an *Opinion of your own Capacity*) you have not only ventured to *write a Play*, but *loudly* and *publickly* to complain of all who dare to diſapprove of it, the Attention I have given will be more eaſily excuſed in,

SIR, Your real Friend,
Temple, May 19. *and humble Servant,*
1739. ALG. SIDNEY.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Leghorn, May 18. *N. S.* On the 15th arrived the Elizabeth, Stecart, from Amſterdam; and the John, Johnſon, from Dublin: On the 12th ſailed the Fortune, Haſlewood, for Trieſte: On the 13th the St. John Baptiſt Harvey; the Mary, M'Cartney; and the Expedition, Talcot; On the 14th the Mercury, Glyde, for Naples: On the 15th the Argyle, Ellis, for London.

Genoa, May 21. *N. S.* The Peter and William, Cliphan, is arrived here from London.

Cadiz, May 12. *N. S.* On the 5th arrived the Enoch, Parſons, from New England: On the 8th ſailed the Prince Frederick, Woolfe, for the Levant; the Helen, Phelan, for Dublin; and the Sea Nymph, Anthony for the North: On the 9th the Pretty Betſey, Hawkins, for the North; the Mary, Potter, for the Levant; the Ellis, French, for London; and the Oporto Merchant, Bellegarde, for Genoa: On the 10th the Mary, Mackerel, for Newfoundland; the Charming Betty, Drury, for Hull; and the William and Louiſa, Taylor, for the North: On the 11th the Britannia, Kelſey, for London; the Elizabeth, Dixon, for Ireland, the St. Lewis, Brownell, for Oſtend; the Mermaid, Moriarly, for Bilboa; the Neptune, Brooks, for the North; the Succeſs, Coram, for Hull; the Margaret, Maccullough, for the North; and the Bromley, Bonner, for Newfoundland.

HOME PORTS.

Falmouth, May 19 Wind S. Remain the Expedition Packet for Lisbon, and the Townſhend Packet for the Groyne. Came in the Lovey, Brown, from Briſtol.

Dartmouth, May 20 Wind E. Yeſterday arrived the Eagle, Teage, of this Place, from Hamburgh for Malaga.

Pool, May 12. Sailed the Providence, Winſor; and the Thomas and Elizabeth, Henning, both for London. Came in the Jolliffe Sloop, Thompſon; and the Charming Sally, Spurier, from Newcaſtle, 'who ſaw laſt Saturday Four Sail of French Men of 'War come to an Anchor off Beachey, one of which 'hoiſted a White Flag at the Mizen Top-maſt 'Head.'

Cowes, May 21. On the 19th, came in the Catherine, Pillans, from Leith and Kircaldie for Gibraltar. Sailed the Unity, Steinſon, from this Place for Santa Cruz in Barbary: On the 20th, came in the Prince of Wales, Smith, of and from Briſtol for Hamburgh.

Deal, May 22. Wind E. N. E. Remain the Men and Sloops of War. Came down the Armsbroug, Ward, for Barcelona. Arrived the Minerva, Colt, from St. Chriſtopher's; the John and Conſtant, Curling, from ——; and the Jane, Mar in, from Dunkirk

Graveſend, May 22. Paſſed by the Mary, Gilby, from Calais; the Young Hendrick, Hallis, from Amſterdam; the Hamburgh, Exchange, ——; and the Johannes, Beckman, from Hamburgh.

The Port Glaſgow, Blair, from St. Chriſtopher's, is arrived at Milford.

LONDON.

Yeſterday arriv'd a Mail from France, with the Paris Letter of Saturday laſt, which mentions a Report ſaid to be current at Vienna, That the Ottoman Porte will ſhortly ſend an Ambaſſador thither to treat of Peace; and that the Marquis de Mirepoix has ſent a Secretary to M. de Villeneuve, the French Ambaſſador at Conſtantinople, who carries a Preſent to him from the Emperor of a Diamond valued at 1000 Lewisd'ors.

Monday laſt was ſix'd for proclaiming the Peace at Paris with the Emperor; and on Tueſday Te Deum was to be ſung upon that Occaſion in Notre Dame Church; and a fine Firework was to be play'd off in the Place de Greve: And on Saturday the French King is to receive the Compliments of the Foreign Miniſters.

A Flanders Mail arriv'd alſo Yeſterday, with a Letter from Conſtantinople of March 25, to which there is the following Poſtſcript:

P. S. The Grand Vizier is depoſ'd, and Elvias Mehemet, the Baſhaw of Widdin, who is inclinable to a Peace, is appointed in his Place. The depoſed Miniſter is baniſh'd to Rhodes, and there were found in his Poſſeſſion two Millions and an Half of Crowns. The Cauſe of his Diſgrace is variouſly talk'd of.

We hear from Richmond in Yorkſhire, that Mr. Wharton of Newcaſtle, Agent to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, by ordering ſeveral Places there to be dug very deep, did a few Days ſince diſcover the Draw-Bridge and Moat belonging to the Caſtle of Richmond, which are of very curious Wormanſhip.

We hear from Edinburgh, That the General Aſſembly had reſolv'd to proceed againſt the ſeceding Miniſters: The Debate laſted about 8 Hours, and the Queſtion was carried by a ſmall Majority.

Yeſterday the Court of Directors of the London Aſſurance unanimouſly choſe Mr. Thomas Stibbs, an eminent Carpenter in Fore-ſtreet, for their Surveyor, in the room of Mr. Edward Hoppus, deceas'd.

Yeſterday Morning died in an advanced age at his Houſe in Green-ſtreet, Groſvenor's Square, Samuel Robinſon, Eſq; a young Gentleman poſſeſſed of an Eſtate of 4000 l. per Ann. in the County of Wexford, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

We hear that his Majeſty will not Review the Horſe and Foot Guards till about the Middle of next Month

Yeſterday Joſeph Taylor, Eſq; took the Oaths and his Seat in the Hon. Houſe of Commons as Member for Aſhburton, in the County of Devon, in the room of Roger Tuckfield, Eſq; deceas'd.

The Right Hon. the Lord Lyon, Lyon King at Arms for Scotland, lyes dangerouſly ill of a Fever at Hampſtead.

His Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland was Yeſterday taken very ill of the Meaſles, and is attended by ſome of his Majeſty's Phyſicians.

High Water this Day at London Bridge.	Morning	Evening
	00 36	01 04

Bank Stock 142 3-4ths to 143. India 170. South Sea 100 3-4ths to 111. Old Annuity 111 7-8ths. New Ditto 112, 111 7-8ths. Three per Cent. 105 1-half. Seven per Cent. Loan 110 3-4ths. Five per Cent. ditto 93 3-4ths. Royal Aſſurance 190. London Aſſurance 12 3-8ths. African 13 1-half. India Bonds 6 l. 12 s. to 13 s. Premium. South Sea ditto 2 l. 2 s. Premium. Bank Circulation 2 l. 17 s. 6 d. Premium. Salt Tallies 1-half to 1 1-half Prem. Engliſh Copper 3 l. 5 s. Welſh ditto 15 s. Three 1-half per Cent. Exchequer Orders 5 per Cent. Premium. Three per Cent. ditto 1-4th per Cent. Diſcount Million Bank 121 1-4th.

THOMAS OSBORNE,
Bookſeller in Gray's-Inn,

HAVING purchaſed the few remaining Copies of Mr. Pope's Homer's Iliad's, 6 vol. and Odyſſeys 5 vol. in

This large Print,

in Folio, the Subſcription Price of which was, for the large Paper 11 l. 11 s. and for the ſmall Paper 12 s. in Sheets each Vol. now offers them to the Publick at the following reaſonable Rates, viz. The large Paper at 8 s. per Vol. and ſmall Paper at 6 s per Vol. in Sheets, until the Firſt of Auguſt next, and no longer; after which Time (if any left) the Price will be conſiderably advanced.

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N. B. The ſaid T. Osborne gives the moſt Money for any Library or Parcel of Books and Manuſcripts.

This Day is publiſhed,

THE Attorney's Practice in the Court of King's Bench: Or, An Introduction to the Knowledge of the Practice of that Court, as it now ſtands under the Regulation of ſeveral late Acts of Parliament, Rules and Determinations of the ſaid Court. With Variety of uſeful and curious Precedents in Engliſh, ſettled or drawn by Council; and a compleat Index to the Whole.

By a Gentleman of the Inner-Temple.

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2. The Second Edition of Sir John Kelyng's Report.
3. Inſtructions for Clerks and Practiſers in the Courts of King's-Bench and Common Pleas. The 2d Edition. And great Variety of Law Books, New or Second Hand.

In a few Days will be publiſh'd,

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